

with as courtly a bearing as ever graced kings, heralding their white flags they approached the place of meeting.

History verifies the Seminole account of this blot on our nation, that as the officers approached, they asked of Osceola: "Are you prepared to deliver up the negroes taken from the citizens? Why have you not surrendered them as promised by your chief Cohadjo?"

According to history, this promise had been made by a sub-chief and without the consent of the tribe. A signal, preconcerted, was at this moment given, and armed soldiers rushed in and made prisoners of the chiefs.

At this violation of the sanctity of the white flag our officers wrote: "The end justifies the means—they have made fools of us too often "

The foul means used to capture the young Seminole leader was not blessed by victory, as a continuance of the bloody war for five years proved that the God of justice was not wholly on the white man's side.

The stain on our national honor will last as long as we have a history. Osceola with the other chiefs was confined for a short time in St. Augustine, but the daring savage was too valuable a prize to trust in Florida territory, and he was taken to Fort Moultrie where he died, January 30, 1838, at the age of thirty-four years—Osceola died as he lived—a hero among men.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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"Lo! the poor INDIAN—whose untutored mind,  
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;  
His soul, proud science—never taught to stray  
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;  
Yet, simple nature to his hope has given,  
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humble heaven;—  
Some happier island—in the watery waste;  
Where slaves, once more, their native land behold,  
No friends torment,—no Christians thirst for gold."